WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY

ANNIE ASHMORE.

ness of the moonless summer night.

Ned Vance, his "pard," and a good-looking,

frank faced youth, similarly attired, never

turned his head, but continued to watch the revolutions of an iron rod which passed up

through a twelve-inch hole in the floor to the plank ceiling, a stout cable extending from the

hung from a hook in the board wall. Strange

forms of machinery loomed out of the semi-

fore they had seen the sparkle of theirs. Hitherto no one had molested them, but now

darkness.

## A MARCH TO THE ZOO

A Procession of Beasts Soon to Move to the New Park.

WORK ON THE GROUNDS.

Trip Through the Inclosed Acres Bear Pits Blasted Out of the Cliffs-The Carnivora House and the Klephants' Home-Roads

What good news this would be to the buffalo, the elk and bears and the various other speci-mens treated of in zoology that have been cooped up so long in cramped and uncomfort-able quarters in the rear of the Smithsonian Institution could they but know that sees the on could they but know that soon they are to be taken out to a place that is in every way fitted to their various needs by the fair hand of nature and the efforts of man. The

purposes are the two most striking features about the park. Nature has done so very much that there is comparatively little left for ere is comparatively little left for man to do. When it gets the animals there will not be such another zoological park in the



The big board fence that has been built up around it all incloses 167 acres of land lying on ooth sides of the creek just beyond the city limits. Few people who have not been out since the limits of the park were definitely decided upon have any idea how near and accessible it is. The entrance on the old quarry road is within less than eight minutes easy drive of the head of 16th street and when the new Connecticut avenue line is competed it will new Connecticut avenue line is completed it will drop passengers almost inside one of the gates. drop passengers almost inside one of the gates. For those who go out 14th street the route lies

road, the first that bears directly down the hill into the valley of the creek.

On one of the pleasant mornings this week a Star reporter took a trip out to the park to see what the chances were for an early spring opening with the animals at a special attraction. The chances are first rate. The inclement weather earlier in the season seriously interfered with the work upon the buildings and the roads, but the continued stretch of fine weather for several weeks past has brought a change in all this, and now everything is in weather for several weeks past has brought a change in all this, and now everything is in a very forward state. The remainder of the party that day consisted of Mr. A. B. Baker, the property clerk of the park, Mr. W. H. Blackburne, the head keeper of the animals, and Mr. Richard Sweeny, the accomplished driver, whose special subject in the zoological line is the horse in all his attributes, but more especially in his capacity as a draught animal. Riding down the hill into the creek valley the boundary line of the park is crossed a short distance before one reaches the old Oparty distance before one reaches the old Quarry

From this point the view is one of decided beauty and gives a capital first impression of the park as a whole. The general effect is something like that of an amphitheater. The creek bearing off to the left in the immediate fore-ground sweeps around in almost a semi-circle, and may be seen for a considerable distance. and may be seen for a considerable distance, the left bank rising abruptly into a steep and densely wooded hill, while on the right, in front of the entrance, there is a quite a level stretch of meadow land. Beyond this is a wooded elevation running on up the creek, and right out on this point of land, not a furlong beyond the bridge, may be seen the stately stone structure that is to be used as a carnivora house. This is rapidly approaching completion and will soon be ready for the accommodation of summer boarders. These will probably decide to continue their stay indefinitely, for they will find it exceedingly difficult to get away.

A NEW BRIDGE.

A NEW BRIDGE. The familiar old wooden bridge by which the road crosses the creek will very soon be superseded by a more elaborate one that is now being built a rod or two up stream. The big stone piers are already in place and last week bids were opened for the work on the super-structure, which will be rapidly pushed to



The first point of interest for the practical the sunday come in and out as their students of the strip of th

stantial and quite capacious apartments. The middle one of the three is somewhat above the level of the ground, being reached by a short and rocky path. This from a bear's point of good deal accomplished since it rose in the risk world named to be a considered the considered and rocky path. This from a bear's point of yiew would probably be considered the most desirable of this row of apartments. Into these Mr. Bruin may retire from the heat of the day or the rain and snow of winter and meditate at his ease upon the comforts of life under a system of protection and supervision. Hibernation ought under these circumstances to become a system of life under these circumstances to be come a positive delight. Who would not be a bear with all the comforts a bear could ask for, and with none of the ills that flesh is heir to

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP AND DEER. A little farther down, where the rocky face of the hill is not quite so precipitous, there is a point that would seem to be especially adapted and Bridges.

TO A VISITOR WHO COMES WITHIN the realms of the new Zoological Park on Rock creek these lovely spring days the scene that spreads out before his eyes is one of bustling activity and progress. Bridges are being built, roads repaired and put in shape and a number of handsome and substantial buildings are being erected. Even to a casual observer it is evident that the Zoological Park is beare being erected. Even to a casual observer it is evident that the Zoological Park is beginning to be a live reality and that the stereotyped phrase "proposed zoological park" must soon be abandoned for all time.

It seems hard to realize that within such a triffing distance from the center of the city it is possible for one to plunge right in among the beauties of nature in her wildest form, as the beauties of nature in her wildest form, as one can do along the picturesque shores of Bock creek. Wave, light, rock and bird not to mention, trees, flowers, grass and wild animals are all there in profusion. They are there with the exception, that is, of the wild animals, and they are going to be not there are some down into town to get a drink of anything else. Mr. Baker recently had a letter from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a man in the west who has made a new from a new fro the exception, that is, of the wild animals, and they are going to be put there some time next month, providing the weather and the contractors do the best they can.

What are a statement of the wild animals, and they are going to be put there some time next month, providing the weather and the contractors do the best they can. them with some antelope. It is more than probable that the offer will be accepted, for antelope are not as common as railroad accidents

A PRAIRIE DOG CITY. On some specially favored spot on this low ground will be laid off a suburban town wherein subterranean homes will be dug by the citizens buffalo may roam and have all the room he wants for it. The prairie dogs may burrow and build a real prairie dogs town, instead of playing idly over a zinc floor. The raccoons will have a genuine 'coon tree that is one of the biggest in all the park, and even the new circus elephant will at last find a congenial resting place to spend his time after wandering around the country, taking fitful naps in his canvas home between his peanut and popcorn banquets.

Its variety and wonderful adaptability to its purposes are the two most striking features the sufficient of the country in the sun above their funny little holes in the ground, grinning saucily at you or dodging from the themselves, who will live with more comfort above their funny little holes in the ground, grinning saucily at you or dodging from the very sight of you. The town is to be surrounded by a wire fence, to keep the rabble out. This fence will need have a foundation, running far down into the ground, to keep those foolish, sharp-nosed little doggies from burrowing their way out into the cold, cruel world and losing themselves from view.

THE PERSISTENT PECCARIES. The collection already embraces four more nimals of the "rooter" class whose fence will have to be well planted to keep them from nosing around too much. These are peccaries, wild hogs of the southwest, that are about the most vicious and most dangerous animals a man can ever encounter. Running in big droves, if they ever got a man treed they will

road, the first that bears directly down the hill into the valley of the creek.

On one of the pleasant mornings this week a big panther and a pretty but treacherous little ocelot from South America. The task of re-moving this good-sized nucleus of a menagerie to its new quarters will be no slight one, and will be attended with considerable interest for those who are not called upon to take an ac



By far the larger part of the collection will find its way directly into the carnivora house at the park. This is by long odds the largest building now being erected, and is likely to reimportant structure in the park. As a result the site that has been chosen for it is about the finest in the inclosure. The house is of



NEW BRIDGE SITE. imposing in style. It stands well out on the point of land that overlooks the valley a few rods back from the main road. It is rapidly rods back from the main road. It is rapidly approaching completion and as there is not much to be done in the way of plastering and interior decorations a few weeks more of such work as the last few weeks have seen should put it in condition for occupancy. The house is much longer than it is wide and for the most part has but one story, with a deep cellar under all. The interior arrangement is rather a simple one, consisting of a corridor down the center, with the cages on both sides of its well

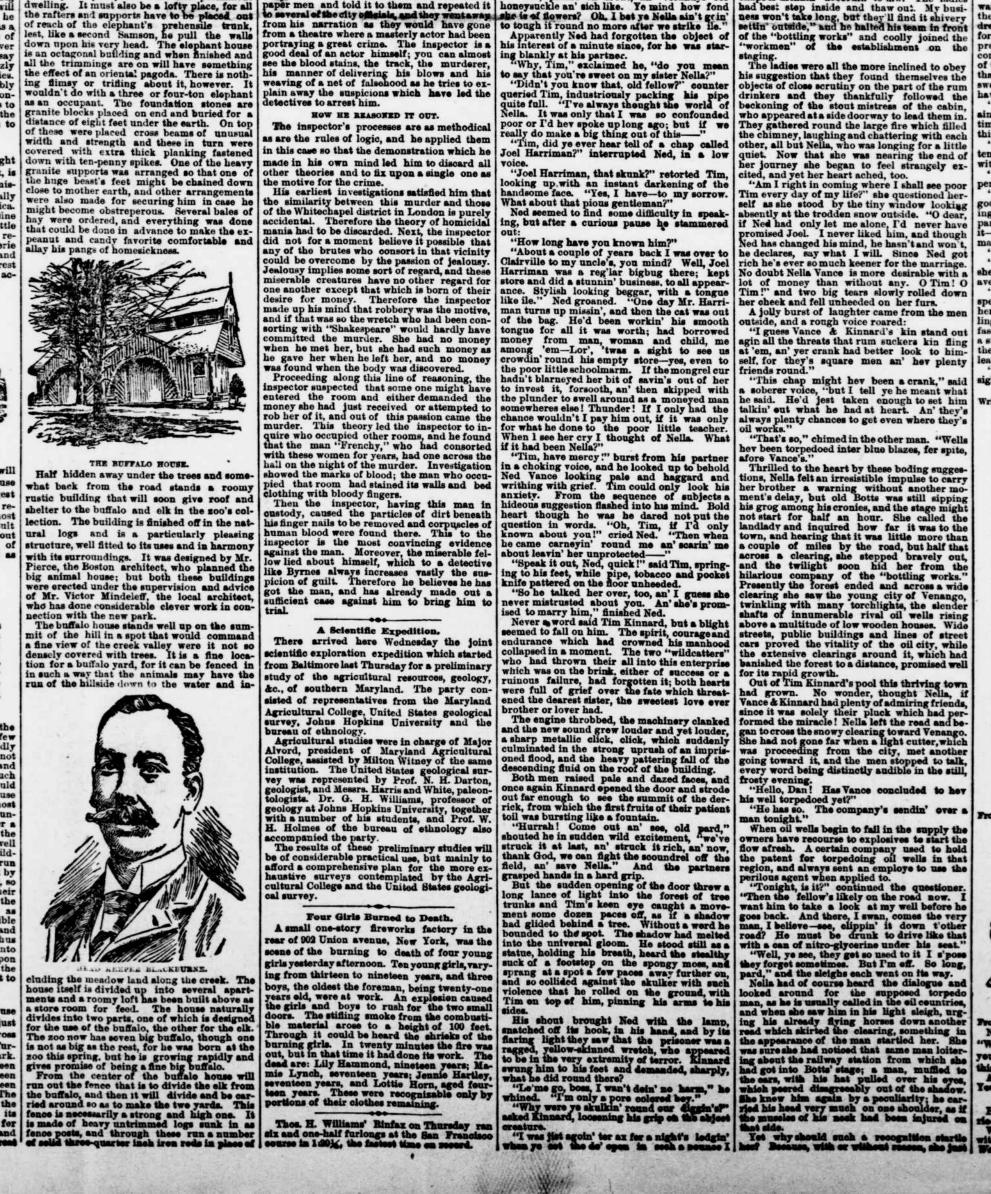




AT WORK ON THE ELEPHANT HOUSE. The sound of many hammers pounding away in the depths of the pine woods on the day THE STAR man visited the park showed that carpenters were at work there as though they were anxious to finish the job as quickly as they could. And such was the state of the case, in truth, for they were building a home for the new circus elephant, the most recent addition spector of all the animals to be brought out to the Zoo. He was then expected on the following day, and when his exist make a roof above it was but right a variety of loted their tents like the Arabs and go to not of the exist while owners and keepers should have followed their tents like the Arabs and go to not of the exist while owner less silence it was but right and a floor should have a roof above his head and a floor should have a roof above his head and a floor should have a roof above his head and a floor should have a roof above his head and a floor should have a roof above his head and a floor should have a roof above his head and a floor should have a roof above his head and a floor should have a roof above his head and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and a floor should have a roof above his level and and the roof has been upon the should be very lone when the should be very lone when the should be very lone when the should be roof first suspect the should have a roof above his level and and the roof has been the roof the should have a roof above his level and and the roof the should have a roof above his level and the first one of the should have a roof above his level and the should have a roof above his level and the should have a roof above his level and the should have a roof above his level and the should have a roof above his le to the list and the first of all the animals to be brought out to the Zoo. He was then expected on the following day, and when his erstwhile owners and keepers should have folded their tents like the Arabs and got out of town with more or less silence it was but right droves, if they ever got a man treed they will wait patiently at the foot for days until he drops out, and then he is lucky if as much as a button or tooth filling is left for purposes of identification. No funeral services are ever called for. There are old hunters who say they would rather meet a panther or a grizzly any day than a drove of hungry peccaries. The four in the collection are considerably smaller than an ordinary domestic pig and considerably less ferocious, but if it ever comes to a fight to a finish between a peccary and the best of fighting bulldogs it is a good plan to lay all odds in favor of the rooter.

The collection that has already been brought together, soon to be taken out to the park, is by no means a small one and is a very promising beginning to say the least. It is especially rich in animals that belong to North America. Among the most recent acquisitions are a fine





the ordinary pickets or barbed wire. These rods can be screwed up tight, so that the fence will really be almost as solid as a stone wall. The management of the new zoo have been will really be almost as solid as a stone wall.

The management of the new zoo have been unusually fortunate in securing the services of Mr. W. H. Blackburne as the head animal keeper. Mr. Blackburne has had a long and varied experience with big animals. For the past ten years he was connected with Barnum's circus as an animal trainer and has handled many an elephant and lion. What he does not know about the business cannot be learned in many an elephant and lion. What he does not know about the business cannot be learned in nine years. A year ago last winter he was in London with Barnum's circus and in connection with Barnum's circus and in connection with the show business has traveled widely and seen much. He talks interestingly about his travels and experiences, but in conversation with The Star man he said that he had never seen a place so magnificently adapted for a zoo as the park on Rock creek. The European capitals, he said, have nothing that can compare with it in point of natural advantages. All that is needed is money and a little time to make of it the finest zoological park in the world.

The management of the park is vested in the The management of the park is vested in the board of regents of the Smithsonian, though of course its secretary, Prof. S. P. Langley, is the real head. The acting manager of the park is Dr. Frank Baker, who is well known as a scientist. He has contributed largely to biological knowledge. In addition to his experience as a naturalist he possesses much executive skill, which has been of special value in connection with the work of establishing the park. Dr. Baker's assistant is Mr. A. B. Baker, who has the title of property clerk. The two men. the title of property clerk. The two men, though having the same name, are not related

CARRIE BROWN'S MURDERER.

Inspector Byrnes Tells More About the Case-The Woman's Body Claimed. The fact that Inspector Byrnes believes that ne has the murderer of Carrie Brown of New York was announced in Thursday's STAR and

for k was announced in Thursday's Strata and the chain of evidence against "Frenchy No.1," or Frank Sherlock, was described:
"Now, as to the man who went to the room with Shakespeare," the inspector continued, "we arrested 'Frenchy No.2,' about whom there had been so much talk, on Sunday morning." We found that he had spent the night of the murder at a place four and a half miles away from the scene of the murder. The possible for him to have been in possible for manner that may be more pleasing to the race coon taste. If the small boy in his admiration for a free circus becomes too aggravating they may tuck their little coons into their vest may truck their little coons into their vest may truck their little coons into their vest may truck their little coons into their vest would have taken him that much the botal and play or conduct themselves in any other manner that may be more pleasing to the race coon taste. If the small boy in his admiration for a free circus becomes too aggravating they may truck their little coons into their vest may truck their little coons into their vest would have taken him that much the botal and play or conduct themselves in any other manner that may be more pleasing to the race coon taste. If the small boy in his admiration for a free circus becomes too aggravating they may truck their little coons into their vest would have taken him that much the please the fall hours have a the present left that brotal and play the present left that brotal and

The prisoner, who gave the name of Geo. The prisoner, who gave the name of Geo.
Frank, was arraigned before Judge Martine yesterday upon the sworn information of the district attorney that he, Mr. Nicoll, charged Frank with the killing of Carrie Brown, otherwise called "Shakespeare." The hearing was postponed until the conclusion of the inquest. The body of the murdered woman was claimed by Mrs. Emma Allen, her daughter, who lives in Salem, and by her order it was sent to her home to receive decent burial.

The INSPECTOR'S PROCESSES DESCRIBED.

A New York special save in regard to In.

Hitherto no one had molested them, but now that certain indications were rousing their hopes to fever pitch their anxiety increased in direct ratio, and every sough of the summer wind through the trees or creak of the planking which formed their shanty put them on the alert.

The body of the murdered woman was claimed by Mrs. Emma Allen, her daughter, who lives in Salem, and by her order it was sent to her home to receive decent burial.

The INSPECTOR'S PROCESSES DESCRIBED.

A New York special save in regard to In.

Hitherto no one had molested them, but now that certain indications were rousing their form a cut in the neck that he wouldn't give no sensible account of. He was toted as fur's the station, an' 'cl'ar'd out for parts unbeknown."

The end of Botst' story brought the station, an' 'cl'ar'd out for parts unbeknown."

The end of Botst' story brought the station, an' in the neck that he wouldn't give no sensible account of. He was toted as fur's the station, an' 'cl'ar'd out for parts unbeknown."

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The end of Botst' story brought the station, an' 'cl'ar'd out for a roughly put up cabin close to the station, an' 'cl'ar'd out for a roughly put up cabin close to the station, an' 'cl'ar'd out for a roughly put up cabin close to the station, an' cl'ar'd out for a roughly put up cabin close to the station of sensible account of. He was bleedin' like a stuck pig that certain indications

A New York special says in regard to Inspector Byrnes' success in catching the murderer: The inspector has felt more keenly than

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD

ttered a shout.
"Grab him—he's white!" But the disguised "Grab him—he's white!" But the disguised man was too quick for Kinnard. He leaped off like a cat and vanished in the thick darkness. Kinnard was after him as swiftly, stumbling against protruding roots, dashing himself against tree trunks—a hopeless chase, although Ned followed behind with the lamp. "Give me a shot," called he. But Kinnard had left his rifle in the shanty; however, as a last chance, he sent his knife shooting toward the sound ahead, and a muffled cry told that his aim had been true. The spy was wounded. For all that he kept on, his pace accelerated if anything by his wound and succeeded in shaking off his pursuers in the end. Next morning they found his trail; he had been bleeding profusely, yet had retained strength to drag himself to the nearest highway, where no doubt he had a team in waiting to carry him to a safe asylum. A STORY OF THE OIL COUNTRIES

a safe asylum.

The partners knew their danger if he should

rod to a huge windless near by. The strange his employer.

Ned also telegraphed to his sister Nella to

Verlage Harriman. interior was lit by the glowing embers of a Ned also telegraphed to his sister Nella to have nothing more to say to Joel Harriman, promise or no promise, but if he troubled her to refer him to him, Ned. And then the part-ners threw themselves heart and soul into defurnace fire, aided by a smoky lamp which veloping their enterprise. Outside a virgin forest spread around the

shanty for miles. The partners had not seen a human face beside their own for amonth past. Day and night they had toiled and watched and waited for the reward which, if it came at all, must come as a dazzling success, which would make their sufferings seem a mere trifle. And if it did not come they were ruined ent-right It was six months afterward and the ground was covered with snow and Nella Vance was on her way to Venango to her brother to be his housekeeper in the pretty new house built by the now flourishing firm of Vance & Kinnard. Nella had come as far as the railroad would Nella had come as far as the railroad would carry her on her journey, but she had yet a long ride in eld Botts' primitive stage sleigh along the well-made road which now out straight as the crow flies through the interminable hemlock forest from the railway station to the new city of Venango.

Nella was not the only passenger. There

the new city of Venango.

Nella was not the only passenger. There were young and elderly men crowding to the new Mecca in search of wealth, and a wife or twe going like herself to join dear ones already there, with homes to welcome them to. And Nella did not find the drive irksome, since the bulk of the conversation between rough eld Driver Botts and his passengers was about Vance & Kinnard, the plucky pioneers of Venango, who had made such good use of their luck and raised a thriving town in the heart of the wilderness, with hotels, machine shops, a theater—and churches for "them as wanted or "—all in the space of six months.

He looked back over his shoulder at her, and although his fine horse was running at full with the speed already he gave him yet another bound of the tortured animal, a violent jolt of the sleigh at his heels and up shot a dazzling flame—man, horse and sleigh were all enveloped in it—and Nella knew no more. The shock had mercifully thrown her to the ground, stunned. When she opened her eyes she was lying on the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly watched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by her brother close at hand and by the sofa in Ned's pretty parlor, tenderly matched by h

theater—and churches for "them as wanted 'em"—all in the space of six months.

"An' now thar's dozens an' dozens of derricks round, besides Kinnard & Vance's," quoth old Botts, glorifying the new city. "An' noo companies buyin' in every day; but Vance's beats 'em all, as they desarves it should. Yit they come pooty nigh to losin' it all, fust goin' off, hadn't a been fer thar own pluck in wingin' the skunk that stole their search an' then git. the skunk that stole their secret, an' then git-tin' in ahead." And he told the story of the disguised man. Nella listened with beating heart, for she had never of him before. "And they never discovered the spy?" in-

quired a passenger.

"Not quite, an' all the better for him," returned the old fellow, significantly. "It did come out that a chap was picked up on the road the night Vance's struck 'ile, about four miles away, an' he was bleedin' like a stuck pig

seated himself on a rude bench and resumed his patient waiting for the oil to show itself.

Ned Vance paid no heed. Round whirled the readway, and on this staging a number of red faced men, reeking with crude petroleum, were drinking some kind of liquor out of pint Ned Vance paid no heed. Round whirled the

got skeered," explained the mulatto, and he raised his shaggy arm to pull down the brim of his old hat further over his eyes, exposing a wrist which gleamed in the lamp light. Ned ame the memory of the topers' gossip in the bottling works' -of the crank who threatened

"bottling works"—of the copers' gossip in the "bottling works"—of the crank who threatened injury to Vance & Kinnard, and the grisly suggestion that wells have been torpedoed into destruction for spite before now.

"Why should an ordinary agent muffle up his face like that?" Nella questioned, with a thrill of terror. "Ned and Tim have an enemy who would destroy them if he had a chance, and this would be the chance if he was wily enough to seize it. I shall get there first and warn them or drop on the way." And away she went, skimming across the snowy ground as if she had wings to her feet.

The torpedo man had a long round to drive in comparison with her short cut; but her ground was exceedingly rough and treacherous, besides bristling with stumps left to rot, so that the girl was almost exhausted by the time she had reached the road on the opposite side, with only a few seconds to spare. The torpedo man came up, muffled up to the eyes as before, with his head drawn to one side, but his eyes met Nella's full stare. She threw up The partners knew their danger if he should happen to be some rascally oil broker's scout; he would forward the news that there was a new well flowing, and that the broker would make his fortune on the oil exchange at their expense. They telegraphed to a friend of their own on 'change and thus saved the field, for by the time the wounded spy was able to forward his news it was an old story, worth nothing to his employer.

I torpedo man came up, muffled up to the eyes as before, with his head drawn to one side, but his eyes met Nella's full stare. She threw up her hands and burst into a hysterical laugh. "It's Joel—Joel Harriman!" gasped she, and pushing back her veil to show her lovely, agitated face. "Stop, Joel! It's I, Nella!" cried she.

He gave a savage cut to his horse, which bounded on, snorting with pain, and he never looked back. "Am I going mad?" shivered Nella. "What in heaven's name does it mean? That was Joel Harriman—it was—I'd know his eves in spite of a hundred disguises. But his neck? True, I haven't seen him for six months, not since Ned struck oil. He always wrote instead of coming. Yes, it was Joel, and he knew me well enough. Oh! what does it mean?" Meanwhile she was pressing on after the torpedo man. The tall derrick and clustering offices of Kinnard & Vance came into view and she could make out two well-knewn figures hurrying out to meet the stranger. She was flying over the glassy road now and was almost within hailing distance, and the man was about He gave a savage cut to his horse, which within hailing distance, and the man was about fifty feet from her on the one side and the two

partners on the other.

He looked back over his shoulder at her, and

and shocked.
"My precious girl, to think that this should "My precious girl, to think that this should have been should be a s be your welcome home," said Ned, kissing her tenderly. "And how did you drop down here on your feet, anyhow?"
"Is he—is he—" shuddered Nella, and could

"Yes, Nella, stone dead," returned Ned, sadly. "But what ever possessed him to drive like that." "It was Joel Harriman," cried Nella, burst ing into nervous tears. "It was, indeed; I met his eyes and he knew me." And she told her little story as clearly as she could.

The partners heard in consternation.
"It all fits in uncommonly complete," said
Tim aside. "Come, let's see what the boys hey
picked up." And when Ned had shown his
poor little frightened sister her own dainty bed poor attle frightened sister her own dainty bed room and made her promise to lie down and recover her strength and spirits by a nap, the pair went out to the shed, where some of the workmen had laid out the poor remains of the torpedo man under a sheet and such arti-cles as they could find on a bench. From among these Tim selected a charred memorandum book, and sure enough the name they found on its first page was Joel Harriman's. Further on came a rude diagram of the ground plan of a well and its premises, which they instantly recognized as their own, and underneath was the first draft of a letter completing

neath was the first draft of a letter completing the description and the address of an oil broker in Chicago.

"I guess Nella's right," muttered Ned, shaking his head. "This wouldn't fit the well now, though it would have to a dot the night we struck it. Joel Harriman was the spy disguised as a darkev and he thought to sell our secret and ruin us. We were too many for him then; so this was to hev been his revenge. That lump of smash is his watch. Here's his initials inside the case and this here charm I've seen hangin on his chain a thousand times."

"I wonder why he hated us," said Tim.

"I guess he was jealous of you, Tim, an' after

"I guess he was jealous of you, Tim, an' after he'd heerd ye tell that story about him he knew we'd never let him hev Nella."
"Well, well, poor wretch, he's got his re-ward," sighed Tim, and when they returned to the pretty parlor to find Nella bewitchingly dressed in the soft silks Tim had prophesied for her and determined to throw off the depression which did so little honor to her home coming, not to speak of the great deliverance of the two she held so dear, then Tim found that he, too, was to have his reward—the sweetest, most satisfying reward earth could have given him.

"You mustn't grieve about this, Nella, for he ain't worth it," Tim had ventured to say in a timid aside, while Ned was bustling about something in the other end of the room.

thing in the other end of the room.
"I can't grieve, Tim, for he died in the attempt to murder you," said she, looking at him with her heart in her eyes.

with her heart in her eyes.

"An' you never really cared for him?" whispered Tim, with eloquent response in his.

"At his best, even when I believed him Ned's good friend and helper, he told me he was lending him capital for this venture, when all his part in it was to try to sell his knowledge of it—even then I knew that it would kill me to marry him."

"Oh, Nella, why did ye promise him, then?"

"Because Ned wanted me to, and you—" she checked the involuntary admission and averted her blushing face.

"And I was such a coward that I dared not speak a word for myself," he burst out, seizing

"And I was such a coward that I dared not speak a word for myself," he burst out, seizing her little hand between his own and fondling it tenderly, and her shy, sweet eyes were fascinated toward his dark glowing ones, and a strange glance passed between them, and just then Ned turned around and caught the tableau.

"Thank heaven! that's all right at last," sighed he

sighed he. Written for The Evening Star.

The genesis of life.

Genesia Though of Plato and Pythagoras They'd never heard a word, And Bacon, Hegel and Descartes Were names they'd never heard; While Darwin, Huxley, Fiske and Comte And Spencer, above all, Were men whose minds could not be grasped By those so young and small, Two juvenile philosophers, Discussed with all due seriousness

And slowly swung his leg, As he tried to solve the riddle Of the chicken and the egg. And they pondered and they argued. Though neither one could say, Whether it was the egg or chick First saw the light of day. "For," said one, "without a chicken "An egg there cannot be;" "Yet." t'other said, "it takes an egg "To make a chick, you see!"

Each one was perched upon a box

Thus they reasoned in a circle And the riddle couldn't guess, Until a third one sitting by, In quiet thoughtfulness, Said with innocent assuran As he whittled on a peg,
"I'll tell you fellows how it was— "I guess God laid the egg." -CLIFFORD HOWARD



ETHICS OF CAR SEAT SELFISHNESS Why a Fur-Collared Dude Was Made &

From the New York Herald. It is very funny to see selfish man in the present keep-your-seat era of city travel labor-ing to establish a system of ethics, or what my

friend Jinks calls etiquette, which will satisfy an uneasy conscience. Soon after 6 o'clock the other evening a crowded 3d avenue car train went northward, and, as is always the case, there were more men

than women sitting and more women than mer and mouthed, slangy, profane (if and pretty. They made no thought of the men who not rise and give them their scate. It was not complimentary.

At 23d street a remarkable specimen of humanity-one of your smooth faced, cigarette smoking, fur collared tribe—having reached the end of his ride, arose, and with an elabo-rate smile offered his seat to one of the shop girls. A nimble footed man near by slipped into it. Everybody laughed but the girls and the dude. The latter turned a look upon the encroacher which was calculated to crush him to carth so that he would not rise again, and as he passed the maidens said with a depre-cating air:

"That fellow is an awful cad—an awful cad."

"He's got a face," said one of the shop girls, and all three collected about the culprit and proceeded to pass high flavored remarks about him, which he listened to with apparent amuse-

Stung with indignation, a young man sittir next to him got up and gave one of the girls h

seat.
Another man who had not thought of giving

Another man who had not thought of giving up his own seat turned around and said:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Tou had no right to that seat. A man can do with his seat what he chooses."

"That's what I did," said the culprit unblushingly. "I sat in it."

"You ought to be ashamed——"

"Oh, give us a rest!" cried another passenger. "Get up and give the lady your own seat if you are so troubled about it."
Indignant passenger subsides.

By this time Mr. Dude, feeling that he had made rather a neat exhibition of himself, got near to the door, when a strong hand was laid on his collar. He turned and saw a very angry workingman looking into his eyes. workingman looking into his eyes.
"See here, you dirty whelp, you," said the latter in a tone which made the fur-lined fraud

quail, "I've a good mind to black your eye for "Wa-wa-what is the matter?" gasped the fel-

low.

"The idea of your trying to do the purty after riding all the way to your own station."

You do you mean You deserve a cowhiding, you do, you mean, pimply, cigarette-smoking whelp! No, you don t. Ye'll ride to the next station." And amid the plaudits of the entire carful the indignant workman gave the fur-lined col-

lar a twist that made its owner black in the face, and would not let him off until the train reached 34th street, two stations beyond where he wanted to go. It was a grand revenge.

A Spring Idyl.

From the Boston Transcript. There has been a stirring among the cold roots of the Symplocarpus for some time now in the marshes, and its red-spotted spathe is already thrust up, fresh and glistening, amid the oozy sponge and gray debris of the marshside, where as yet green is barely the dominant color, while, ostensibly as if to celebrate these quiet parturitions (or apparitions) around him, but in good sooth for private matrimonial rea-sons of his own, the innocent little hyla frog inflates his throat and fills the dim vault of Night and the blue urn of Day with the shrill clear music of his two-noted flute; said Day and Night seeming in nowise displeased by thi incessant love song, although monotonous in its nature as that Chinese fiddle in Harrison

A False Alarm. From the Detroit Free Press. A telegraph boy with a message in his hand entered a Grand River avenue car the other day for a half-mile ride, and after closely regarding him for a moment an old lady leaned forward

and inquired: "Be you a telegraph boy?" "Yes'm."
"Got a telegraph there?"
"Yes'm."

"No'm."

"Thank heaven!" she sighed as she leaned back. "That proves that my daughter's house out in Ohio, has not burned up, but I we swfully skeered for a minute."









